

# THE ACADEMY

FEBRUARY 16, 1907

## ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT

### HENRY FIELDING

EVERY novelist looks at life from his own standpoint, whether consciously or not. He may turn away from it in disgust and become a romanticist, or life by its syren fascination may drag him down to its low places and he may become what is known as a realist. Half-way between these two extremities comes Henry Fielding. He is life's perfect story-teller. He had no message burning within him which he must deliver to the world or die; he had no wish to reform the world or inform the ignorant. He had no theories which he wanted to exemplify. He simply looked at life from the standpoint of an ordinary man and found it excellent. He differed from the ordinary man only in the tremendous exuberance of his vitality and in his ability to express himself. He relished life, and everything that came into life received a grace from his buoyant touch. He was a simple and sane man. The deadening common sense, which was creeping slowly upon his age and slowly stifling with long tentacles its spirit, could not rob him of his buoyancy. It came to him indeed, and his being assimilated it without receiving hurt. Rather, his obstreperous nature gained good from its influence, so malign to a low-strung man. Reason gave him balance and sanity, but its touch never chilled his heart.

There was nothing exalted in his outlook upon life. He accepted life as his keen eyes saw it, without passionate struggle toward an ideal. Life was as simple to him as it is to a boy who quietly takes his master's word for what is right and for what is wrong, without bothering his head over the problems of why and wherefore. And he took a boy's delight in breaking rules. "Be human and alive," he cries, and *humanum est errare*, he adds, without ever putting his tongue in his cheek.

And indeed such were the charms now displayed by Amelia . . . that perhaps no other beauty could have secured him from their influence; and here, to confess a truth in his favour, however the grave or rather the hypocritical part of mankind may censure it, I am firmly persuaded that to withdraw admiration from exquisite beauty, or to feel no delight in gazing at it, is as impossible as to feel no warmth from the most scorching rays of the sun. To run away is all that is in our power, and in the former case, if it must be allowed we have the power of running away, it must be allowed also that it

requires the strongest resolution to execute it; for when, as Dryden says,

All paradise is opened in a face,

how natural is the desire of going thither! and how difficult to quit the lovely prospect!

He has the Puritan view that all women are a temptation, but unlike the Puritan he does not repine against

the divine order of things. He never tries to make the worse appear the better reason, or to twist the established ideas of right and wrong to suit his own ends or to palliate his own actions. Quite cheerfully he owns that he has done wrong, and does not ever pretend that his wrong-doing has been less pleasant for being so. The unbending morality of the time met him. Reverence forbade him to try and alter its rigid form. And since one or other at such a meeting must give way, with all the good grace of a gentleman, he did so himself, with a sort of half-reproachful smile.

Listen to the moralist advising (but always with the grace of a gentleman) his young readers, after declaring the danger of beauty and the necessity of "running away," with more than a hint of cowardice contained and intended in the word:

And yet, however difficult this may be, my young readers, it is absolutely necessary, and that immediately too . . . The admiration of a beautiful woman, though the wife of our dearest friend, may at first perhaps be innocent, but let us not flatter ourselves it will always remain so; desire is sure to succeed; and wishes, hopes, designs, with a long train of mischiefs, tread close at our heels. In affairs of this kind we may most properly apply the well-known remark of *nemo repente fuit turpissimus*.

It is as if you saw him with his great arm round some young

friend, expounding the dictates of morality in duty bound, sincere absolutely in his belief in morality's rightness, sincere too in his hatred of any self-deception. "This is what happens, my dear boy: has happened, alas! to me," you hear him add. And you know as well as the boy would know that he would be much readier to sympathise with the disastrous effects of not running away, than with anguish that obedience to his sermon might entail. Now morality has changed: it is gradually becoming a living rather than a conventional thing. What is right and what is wrong is a matter of fierce debate, and it is gradually coming about that each individual is called upon to make his own answer. Even the laws have

## THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING.

In SIX VOLUMES.

By HENRY FIELDING, Esq.

—*Mores hominum multorum vidit.*—

LONDON:

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Catharine-street in the Strand.

MDCCLXIX.

changed. Then accepted morality was the final arbiter: only madmen questioned its authority. But to return to that typical chapter which illustrates in two pages Fielding's whole attitude towards life. He has described the temptation, he has given his kindly warning, and he proceeds to an apology for doing so (that too with the courtesy of a gentleman):

This digression may appear impertinent to some readers; we could not, however, avoid the opportunity of offering the above hints; since of all passions there is none against which we should so strongly fortify ourselves as this, which is generally called love; for no other lays before us, especially in the tumultuous days of youth, such sweet, such strong and almost irresistible temptations; none hath produced in private life such fatal and lamentable tragedies; and what is worst of all, there is none to whose poison and infatuation the best minds are so liable.

He goes on to show how other passions, such as ambition and avarice, grow to greatest force in the most evil minds, but how Love alone flourishes in the most noble—to their destruction he does not hesitate to add. Nowadays such a theme would spread into another channel: granted that the noblest minds are most liable to Love, perhaps Love is not necessarily the all-subduing tyrant of the old morality, perhaps Love is the grand impulsion, the very pulse of life. The problem now is on a higher setting, than Fielding's staunch adherence (the loyalty of a gentleman) to his Morality allowed him to realise.

And he was sincere in his adherence. Sincerity was the dominant feature of his personality, which lent grace to his exuberance, charm to his discourses and value to his work. Thackeray, in that exquisitely written essay of his upon Fielding, seems to be a little wrong in the nature of some of his strictures, in spite of the fact that he puts them forward with all the delicacy of expression of which he was consummate master. It would seem that disapproval is always wrong, even when expressed by a Thackeray, because it inevitably holds up the standard of one age in comparison with the standard of another, and the two things are never comparable.

I can't say I think Mr. Jones a virtuous character; I can't say but that I think Fielding's evident liking and admiration for Mr. Jones shows that the great humourist's moral sense was blunted by his life, and that here, in Art and Ethics, there is a great error. If it is right to have a hero whom we may admire, let us at least take care that he is admirable.

It is as though, like some Daniel Deronda, he must needs pull himself up by the coat collar. Of course any remark of Thackeray, passed upon his acknowledged master, is pleasant to know. But this remark is not criticism. He seems even to lay a condemning finger on what is really one of his beloved master's most admirable qualities. For Fielding's genius enabled him to arouse for Tom Jones something far more essential than admiration, and that is interest, keen interest and even, so strong is his magic, affection. Conscience seems to be working its clammy will with Thackeray for a moment, but only for a moment; his better nature soon asserts itself and like another Balaam his curses are turned to blessings.

What a wonderful art! What an admirable gift of nature was it by which the author of these tales was endowed and which enabled him to fix our interest, to waken our sympathy, to seize upon our credulity, so that we believe in his people—speculate gravely upon their faults and their excellencies . . .

Fielding, like most great men, had a boy's heart with a man's wisdom. The experience of years did not taint him with the lethargy of age. He remained warm and young and growing. He kept moderation and restraint and all the accompaniments of maturity for his work: he did not let them creep into his soul. He controlled their power, and as much strength is needed to do so as is needed to control the tumultuous passions of youth—strength of another kind of course it is, but a strength far worthier to possess. He lived and loved life: and it is pleasant to think that, unable to live again through the great days of joy and sorrow and struggle, he wrote. He wrote as he lived—sincerely. He wrote as he lived, hating hypocrisy and

meanness, and using all his humour to condone with every other fault or foible that mortal flesh is heir to. And over all the spirits and buoyancy which breathe from all his books with the freshness of a spring morning, and which are as invigorating and as captivating and as inimitable, rests a strange calm, an arresting suavity. He expressed himself naturally without fear, without reticence, with quiet sincerity, and that expression of himself was so perfect that he is a master of English prose. The writing of this great-hearted gentleman will be read as long as the English language exists.

H. DE S.

## HENRY FIELDING'S LIBRARY

THE "little parlour" ("Tom Jones," Book xiii., ch. 1) in which Henry Fielding looks up from his "History of a Foundling" to dream for a moment of posthumous renown cannot hold a large collection of books. Rather, we may fancy, it accommodates upon a single shelf some score or so of volumes. Mr. Fielding is a man of many expenses and uncertain revenue. He has not yet received even that office of Justice of the Peace for Westminster and the County of Middlesex which will later give him a scanty income and a great deal of work. If he ever owned any valuable books, it is not likely they remained in his possession long. But in the truest sense a man's library consists rather in the books which he has mastered than in those which he owns; and by this reckoning Mr. Fielding's library is a large one.

He has told us of the extent of his proficiency in the tongues:

Tuscan and French are in my head;  
Latin I write, and Greek—I read.

But when and where did he read it? Where, we wonder, did he read not only Homer, Plato, Aristotle, Lucian, Theocritus, and Longinus, but also Arrian, Aeschines, Phocylides, and other lesser luminaries? "Of Greek," said Dr. Johnson, "every one gets as much as he can"; we are driven to suppose that his contemporary acted on this principle, and varied his writing for the stage by reading in the classics. Though far from endorsing (of course) Parson Adams's remark that "knowledge of men is only to be learnt from books—Plato and Seneca for that," he has yet a very great respect for learning. He refuses to believe, for instance:

that all the imagination, fire, and judgment of Pitt could have produced the orations that have made the Senate of England in these our times a rival in eloquence to Greece and Rome, if he had not been so well read in the writings of Demosthenes and Cicero, as to have transferred their whole spirit into his speeches, and with their spirit their knowledge too.

He laughs at a rising school of critics who hold that any kind of learning is entirely useless to a writer:

Nature [says he] can only provide us with capacity, with the tools of our profession; learning must fit them for use, must direct them in it, and must contribute part, at least, of the materials.

The rhapsody on Homer with which Parson Adams favoured Mr. Wilson ("Joseph Andrews," Book iii, ch. 2) is too long to quote; but in the "Voyage to Lisbon" we have a final reflection on that author which is a curious illustration of Fielding's preference of reality to fiction:

I must confess I should have honoured and loved Homer more had he written a true history of his own times in humble prose, than those noble poems which have so justly collected the praise of all ages; for though I read these with more admiration and astonishment, I still read Herodotus, Thucydides and Xenophon with more amusement and more satisfaction.

It was a case, in short, of "not loving Cæsar less, but Rome more." So also was it with Aeschylus, the loved companion of Parson Adams, and with Longinus—"the excellent Longinus"—to whose precepts Fielding so often and so respectfully refers.

In Latin his tastes are equally Catholic. He is familiar with Virgil, the elder Pliny, Plautus, Terence, Juvenal, Suetonius,



*Here* THE *Bertie*  
**HISTORY**  
 OF THE  
**ADVENTURES**  
 OF  
**JOSEPH ANDREWS,**  
 And of his FRIEND  
**(Mr. ABRAHAM ADAMS.)**  
 Written in Imitation of  
**The Manner of CERVANTES**  
 Author of *Don Quixote*.  


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 IN TWO VOLUMES.  


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 VOL. I.

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 M.DCC.XLII.

Claudian and Martial. Captain Booth poses the hackney author with a couplet from Lucan, and Booth's own mental state is illustrated by half a dozen lines from Claudian. Virgil, too, is often put under contribution, and Fielding's obvious enjoyment of quotation shows that he had read the classics for his pleasure. Of French writers he mentions incidentally Montesquieu, "the inimitable biographer of Gil Blas," Scarron, the author of the *Paysan Parvenu*, Voltaire and others. But his familiarity with the ancients and with continental moderns does not detract from his love of masterpieces of his own language. When Joseph Andrews (who had seen *Macbeth* acted) breaks out into a variant of Macduff's remonstrance:

But I must also feel it as a man,

Parson Adams assures him that there is nothing but heathenism to be learnt from plays. But Fielding, English to the core, and with a robust delight in his country's pre-eminence, calls Shakespeare "the greatest genius the world hath ever produced."

That Shakespeare [says Bath, the fire-eating colonel in "Amelia"] was a fine fellow. He was a very pretty poet indeed. Was it not Shakespeare that wrote the play about Hotspur? I never missed that play when it was acted, if I was in town.

Milton, also, Fielding admires, and Addison, and Butler, and Swift—but not Richardson! Pope he appreciates, although justly offended by the epithets bestowed on Allen. Passing to divinity, he has read (beside the Bible) the discourses of South and Barrow. The study of Barrow's sermons converts Captain Booth from deism to Christianity.

Of native historians our author mentions Clarendon

and Whitelocke, while for Burnet, whose Whig opinions he shared, he had a great regard. "Amelia," we are told, "had conversed with the divinity of the great and learned Dr. Barrow, and with the histories of the excellent Bishop Burnet." (Also, Amelia read English plays and poetry.) Anson's "Voyage" is mentioned with approval, and Shaftesbury's critical works: but the name of Defoe—and this is curious—nowhere occurs! Who the "young lady of fashion" was, who wrote the romance *Sophia* was reading when interrupted by Miss Western, is matter for conjecture; but an attempt to discover her might (to borrow Miss Western's remark) "as the great Milton said, almost subdue one's patience." As to plays, no doubt he read all he could lay hands on, especially Shakespeare's, Otway's, Vanburgh's, Congreve's and Farquhar's. It was with one of "the excellent Farquhar's comedies" (*The Constant Couple*, we surmise), that Amelia tried to deaden her anxiety, while her absent husband was losing his last guinea to Captain Trent.

Such, then, was Henry Fielding's library. And what books from it shall we imagine in occupation of the narrow shelf in that little parlour? Let us hazard a conjecture. "The History of Joseph Andrews and his friend Mr. Abraham Adams," in two small volumes (a spur to fresh endeavour): "Don Quixote"; the "Iliad"; "Hudibras"; "Gulliver's Travels"; and half a score of plays.

H. C. M.

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A  
**JOURNEY, &c.**

**BOOK I.**

**CHAP. I.**

*The Author dies, meets with Mercury,  
 and is by him conducted to the  
 Stage which sets out for the other  
 World.*

ON the first of December 1741\*, I departed this Life, at my Lodgings in Cheapside. My Body had been some time dead before I was at liberty to quit it, left it should by any accident return to

B 4

Life:

\* Some doubt whether this should not be rather 1641, which is a Date more agreeable to the Account given of it in the Introduction: but then there are some Passages which seem to relate to Tranactions infinitely later, even within this year or two.—To say the truth, there are Difficulties attend either Conjecture; so the Reader may take which he pleases.

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## A LITERARY CAUSERIE

## AIR AND SPACE IN LITERATURE

A THOUGHTFUL boy who was greatly puzzled by the moral behaviour of Homer's heroes, asked his father one day whether "these were all the gods the Greeks had." The father answered that he believed they had a vague idea of a great overruling Deity. It is to be feared that he invented that belief on the spot out of solicitude for his son's moral principles. The son in due time attained to a fellowship at Oxford by way of the Thirty-nine Articles, but he also arrived at a conviction that in estimating the conduct of persons in story or real life, it is necessary to take account of the "gods" of their age. For whatever the ideas of such persons might have been regarding "a great overruling Deity," it is safe to assume that they obeyed the little "gods" and prospered, or disobeyed them and came to grief. Propriety and Respectability, we may suppose, are goddesses in England. Learned inquiry might show them to be one and the same, but in any case they must never be forgotten.

In the case of Fielding it is particularly necessary that we should be clear as to what the gods of this our own day are, and to remember that they did not necessarily prevail in his. Thereafter you may walk boldly into that eighteenth-century England which he portrayed, in a proper frame of mind to enjoy and appreciate its characteristics. If Fielding's England does not please you, do not despair of the eighteenth century, but turn to Richardson's "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded" and read the long tale of how that exemplary serving-maid preserved her chastity against the most dire and determined assaults and yielded herself to the assailant only in holy wedlock. If still (as may well happen) you remain dissatisfied, if the love-making seems wanting in rapture and passion and "soulfulness," if the men appear coarse and the women formal, then return to the twentieth century and resolutely determine to be a person of your own time. It is a good thing to be a person of your own time and to worship the prevalent gods. But it is a better thing to be able to appreciate Homer in spite of the ridiculous deities; and Fielding, who had no foreknowledge of the powers who were to come after his days. And certain it is that the men and women he created from observation of the life of his time represent more truly the real men and women of to-day than do the fantastic beings that stand for English men and English women in present-day fiction. Alter here and there in his novels an incident which changed codes of manners have now made impossible, add to the relations of the sexes more tenderness and ideality than Fielding ever allows to them, and what is left represents to-day as true and profound a presentation of the springs of human action as it was when he wrote. Why? Because his eye was ever on the truth of the matter. He set out with no predilections for heroes or heroines; he bound himself to no pattern or convention of literature; he did not make fools of the fates, or a plaything of destiny. He described men and women as he saw them, veritably as only minds like his and Chaucer's and Shakespeare's can see them, and as they will remain for many ages still in spite of motor-cars, aeroplanes, and as yet unguessed radio-activities.

Three men in especial stand out in English literature for combined keenness and spaciousness of view: Chaucer, Fielding and Scott. By spaciousness is meant the reverse of that quality which selects a man or woman for magnification, dissects his every thought, intensifies his minutest sensation, inflates his purposes, and alchemises him generally into such portentous volumes of elemental gas that the great free universe is blotted out and the reader is forced by literary art to dwell with a monster. Shakespeare has much to answer for in creating Hamlet. To believe the bulk of modern fiction we are all Hamlets now, little Hamlets perhaps, male and

female Hamlets, but certainly Hamlets. What ails us—according to modern fiction—is a wailing heart-ache about something: about a woman, or a creed, or the mystery of creation. To Fielding, as to Chaucer, the heartache was a mental toothache. All around the sufferer from this or any other malady or misfortune, or even good fortune, was the great world of life, full of paths of health. Life, say Chaucer, and Scott and Fielding, is a condition of action, the world is its scene, and now the time. When Amelia's lover leaves her asleep, "tired out with so long a struggle between variety of passions," he tells us that "having drest myself with all the expedition imaginable, singing, whistling, hurrying, attempting by every method to banish thought, I mounted my horse . . . and galloped away," to the wars. The world is a constant war in which no good is to be done by lying down and lamenting. Self-analysis is the very devil. Be up and doing: your Amelia will love you all the more for it, and the world will in most cases smile on you. If it does not, down you go bravely with head erect. Such is the philosophy that Fielding has to teach.

Fielding, however, set out to teach no philosophy. He discourses frequently, and at such length as to be tedious to most readers, on any occasion that takes his fancy. To tell truth, however, in these somewhat irritating confidences from author to reader he is not often either witty or illuminating. There is, indeed, an air of mockery about them. But in his descriptions of persons and events he is unsurpassable. Only one other writer had an eye like his for effect. But Dickens, with all his marvellous faculty of observation, does not penetrate to the essential humour of life as does Fielding. "Tom Jones" is a succession of astoundingly natural pictures, drawn with the zest of one who loves life in action almost to reckless idolatry. The action of the story often carries the reader hastily over minor episodes which, more closely examined, are finished gems. Of such, for example, is the description of Mrs. Partridge's assault upon her husband. When Partridge claims that the blood on his wife's face, to which she appeals as evidence of his barbarity, is really *his* blood, drawn by her nails from *his* face, the neighbour wives merely remark that it is a pity it had not come from his heart. This is the true inconsequential humour of life. Such things cannot be invented by taking thought. They flow from the artist's delight in his work, and Fielding in this true sense was a great artist, loving life with a great love.

Fielding loved life in all its manifestations so well that we have to stretch terms to call him a moralist in the narrow sense. Probably he had no intention at any time of pointing a moral. Tom Jones's progress through the world from his unpremeditated and altogether charming confession of love, a love which consumes his vitals, for the fair Sophia, reads in the present day like a satire of love and life alike. It is, however, the truest picture of an ordinary man ever put on paper. In so far as it is meant to teach anything it teaches that a healthy mind carries in itself the antidote of follies. A world of Tom Joneses would be a pleasanter place than a world of great poets. Some might even prefer it to a world of eminent divines. For Tom was a healthy young rascal. We have acquired a number of new gods since his time, some of whom by anticipation he offended to a dreadful degree. But the human heart is much what it was, a bundle of apparent contradictions, now good, now bad, reaching the moderate degree of happiness permitted to mankind only when it is healthy. Herein lies the pre-eminent virtue of Fielding. He showed life as it really is in an astonishing variety of circumstances and conditions, demonstrating it to be not a simple but a most complex thing. And he seems to say in many a passage of poignant wit and biting irony: "By all means proceed with your plans for improving mankind, but at least comprehend what life really is. This is it."

ADAM LORIMER.

## FICTION

*Amalia.* By GRAHAM HOPE. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

MISS HOPE has discovered in Montarvia yet another little Balkan State in trouble about its king, and after two attempts against his life inclined to tolerate the rule of Prince Karl-Friedrich. Karl-Friedrich rightly concludes that a wife ready to face assassination, and minor annoyances, would prove a valuable ally; he therefore sends his prime-minister to report upon the four daughters of the august house of Salzheim-Schlüsselberg. The story opens engagingly with the discussion of Karl-Friedrich's proffered honour by the girls and their parents. Amalia, the youngest, is chosen, submits to maternal pressure, and reluctantly sets out for the wedding at Nischigrade. Thereafter the story concerns Amalia's life in Montarvia, and her relations with Karl-Friedrich. Politics are not obtruded, the environment is picturesque, the characters clear and well drawn. The first pages arrest attention, and expectations raised are more than fulfilled; the ability, freshness, and honesty of this captivating story should commend it to all lovers of a good novel.

*Living Lies.* By ESTHER MILLER. (Methuen, 6s.)

WHEN people tell us that what they like is a good story, they usually mean a story with nothing good about it except the situation. As long as the hero and heroine are placed in difficulties it does not matter how they got there, or why they stay there, or, if the end be cheerful, in what manner they extricate themselves. The weak point of these stories, in the opinion of readers less easily pleased, is that the men and women concerned are never for a moment shaken by the storms of sorrow, joy and terror that would ravage the most callous of us if we committed their crimes or suffered their misfortunes. To be sure, the author says they are, but we are not convinced of it. In "Living Lies" Stephen Garth lets his friend, the cousin of the girl he loves, go to penal servitude in his stead and refuses to free him although his wife and his sister know the truth. The situation is full of splendid possibilities, for the two women love both men and are torn between them. The sister cannot betray her brother nor the wife her husband. The story hardly flutters the fringe of such a tragedy; but it is told in a breezy entertaining way. The descriptions of Cornish scenery will bring pleasant pictures to any reader who knows the Delectable Duchy.

*Clairice: the Story of a Crystal Heart.* By NARCISSE LUCIEN DE POLEN. (Unwin, 3s. 6d.)

A PICTURESQUE tale of two hundred years ago, in England and in Spain: a romance of love, hate and jealousy with a touch of originality about it, successfully conveying the impression of other times and manners. Clairice, in whom all the strife and passion centre, is a dainty maiden of high degree who takes upon herself the burthen of a family compact, and gives her hand to Antoine of the gleaming eyes, not without regret for the tarrying of the dream-knight. He comes too late and meets with strange adventures that justify the fortune-teller's warning to "beware of the green"—of the house of Antoine. It is an attractive little story told with simple directness and considerable charm of style. The author has an eye for effect, and a pretty taste in matters of decoration and costume.

*The Dust of Conflict.* By HAROLD BINDLOSS. (Long, 6s.)

A STORY by Mr. Harold Bindloss is as easy to recognise as a Kidderminster carpet or a Cheshire cheese. Some years ago Mr. Bindloss thought of a stern, spare, sinewy, reticent, and grimly tenacious young Englishman, temporarily deprived by malicious fate of the inheritance—or was it the heiress, or both?—which should by right

have been his, and set him struggling gamely in strange and distant lands against his adverse destiny; and we should be afraid to say how many times he has reproduced him since. Under many different names, in slightly varied circumstances, now in hot countries and now in cold, we have watched, with increasing wonder and admiration, that same young Englishman, winning through his troubles to a well-deserved success. And here he appears once more in the person of Bernard Appleby, who takes the blame of a kinman's indiscretion and the consequences of his weakness of character upon his own shoulders, and finds himself a leader of insurrectionists in Cuba with a rapidity which will be welcome to those who like Mr. Bindloss's heroes best when they are fighting fate, and least when they are in the company of the grave, beautiful and invariably imperious young ladies who capture their hearts. These valuable but somewhat stereotyped attributes are this time bestowed upon a Miss Violet Wayne (*fiancée* to the weak kinsman, Tony Palliser), while the grateful rôle of staunch girlfriend to the hero is sustained with spirit by a vivacious little American whose presence in the country-society scenes does something to mitigate the occasional impression that we are in the company of talking dolls. The background is, as usual, broadly and effectively painted, and the Cuban chapters make capital reading.

*The Opened Shutters.* By CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM. (Constable, 6s.)

THE threadbare situation of the advent of an unwelcome orphaned relation—a young and beautiful girl of course—with which this book opens, does not encourage the reader to continue the story. But although she starts in so hackneyed a manner this heroine does not follow quite the usual course. It is a simple story that Miss Burnham has to tell, and is concerned with unexciting people. It could with advantage have been told in a page or two, and even these would hardly have constituted more than a sketch. It can no more be called a novel than a plate of bread and butter can be called a meal—even though the bread and butter be good of its kind.

*A Man's Love.* By DOROTHY SUMMERS. (Unwin, 6s.)

It is impossible to believe that any one who has passed the age of seventeen could take this story seriously, and it is not easy to believe that any one who has passed the age of seventeen wrote it. At that early age girls inclined to perfervid sentiment might be thrilled by the woes of the saint-like Laurel, the brutality of her stupid husband, the baseness of Lilia, and the cloak and rapier villainy of the American Selden Marshall. We hold no brief against brutes and villains. We like them—on paper: they are nearly always more entertaining than saints. But we like them to hang together just for the brief hour of rapturous perusal, and we have more faith in them when the woman for whose sake they are respectively brutal and villainous is not as patently innocent as Laurel Barrington. She is the kind of heroine that allows her male acquaintances to address her as "little lady," and who is so dense that when one of them makes advances to her she thinks he is speaking of another woman and gives him warm encouragement. That kind of woman is bound to be treated cruelly until she has nearly died of brain-fever, a disease that invariably precedes complete reconciliation in such cases. We leave Laurel and her husband "lip to lip and heart to heart," and we hope that she had learnt enough to avoid Americans with sweet voices and suave manners for the rest of her unnatural life.

*My Lady Nan.* By BESSIE DILL. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

It is as refreshing to turn from the pages of the modern psychological novel to this simple little romance of a past generation, as it is to spend an evening with *Robin Hood* after *The Doctor's Dilemma*. But when we have said



that "My Lady Nan" is a thoroughly wholesome story, we have said everything there is to be said—except that it is "eminently suitable for the young person," and that she will probably enjoy it provided that she be young enough and not too *blasée*. The lovely heroine, the gallant hero, the inevitable mystification, the pump-room at Bath, are all *en règle*, and the dénouement is fairly obvious from the beginning. An attempt is made in the conversation to reproduce the style of the Regency, but there are many lapses of which the most flagrant is an allusion to the heroine as "no great catch."

Charles Edward. By HARRISON G. RHODES. (Ward, Lock, 6s.

CHARLES EDWARD AUSTIN is a modern young American, endowed with plenty of cash and an unfailing supply of high spirits—a combination which enables him to undertake some surprising adventures. The first of his escapades provides him with an eligible wife—eligible in the sense that she proves an ideal coadjutor in his subsequent freaks. Their pranks, which Mr. Rhodes recounts with easy gaiety and fluent humour, take many different forms. While Charles Edward advertises for an heirship, and succeeds in getting one, his wife, while feigning to elope with her own husband, ingeniously prevents the more serious elopement of another lady. One of the most diverting of the adventures is Charles Edward's experiment in publishing. He purchases the manuscripts of four different authors, and issues them simultaneously as the works of one man. The books are so widely dissimilar in character that their putative creator becomes at once the problem and the rage of that literary season. In the last episode we discover young Charles Edward, *à la* two, following worthily in the wake of his volatile parents. We like this best of all; it has a note of pathos to mellow its exuberant humour. The book is not one to read at a sitting: an overdose of practical joking is apt to pall.

## DRAMA

### MR. ST. JOHN HANKIN'S COMEDY AT THE STAGE SOCIETY

Awake my St. John! leave all meaner things  
To low ambition and the pride of Kings.

So begins, with a strange prophetic touch, the famous Essay on Man. If Alexander Pope were to be reincarnated he would not write any more perfect couplets, he would write perfectly constructed plays: no doubt is left in the mind as to that after seeing Mr. Hankin's work. He has many of Pope's qualities and many of his defects. Both worship at the cold shrine of Reason, and Reason is an inconsiderate deity with an unkind trick of covering her devotees with an elegant polish which prevents them from seeing into human nature, crane their necks though they may. Reason keeps them safe and keeps them artificial. Cleverness becomes their stumbling-block. And yet you must read the Essay on Man more than once before you discover that the whole argument is based upon a fallacy; and even when the discovery is made, you are consoled amply by the dexterity of the phrasing, the happy neatness of certain remarks.

Say first of God above, or Man below  
What can we reason, but from what we know?

Mr. St. John Hankin might have written this, though Alexander Pope actually did.

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;  
But vindicate the ways of God to Man,

Pope said, without a blush, in the end of the previous

paragraph, though, as some one has curtly said, "you might as well go to a gin-shop for a leg of mutton as go to Pope for this," and his remark is borne out by this odd juxtaposition. For God, or Beauty, or whatever name be preferable, is just that element in life which can never be known, but can only be felt. It is that Colour,

whose touch is infinite and lends  
A yonder to all ends,

which gives life to a work of art, and which Reason knows not. There is something divine in the mere fact of life . . . But to the play.

Geoffrey Cassilis has met a girl, as pretty as she is naughty, in an omnibus accident. He is very much his mother's only son, but he has had the gumption to make her acquaintance, the ardour to fall in love with her, and the folly to engage himself to marry her. Mrs. Cassilis is a devoted mother, a lady of wealth and position; and resolves to ask her son's *fiancée* and prospective mother-in-law to pay her a long visit at Deynham Abbey. The play opens with the arrival of Mrs. Borridge and her daughter Ethel. Mrs. Cassilis tells her friend Lady Marchmont (very well played by Miss Gertrude Burnett) her scheme of attack. It is to weary Geoffrey with the vulgarity of his future relations, and to weary Ethel Borridge with the boredom of country-life. She is successful, and the engagement is broken off. The situation lends itself to comedy, and Mr. Hankin has devised extraordinarily amusing moments, notably when Ethel, fiercely bored with everything and enraged at the superiority and disdain with which she is treated, sings a music-hall song with great dash to the astonished guests at a typical country-house dinner-party. Mrs. Borridge's immense vulgarity, too, in contrast to the high respectability of county families, is continually entertaining. In detail the play is excellent, and it is written with the finish which Mr. Hankin knows well how to impart to his work. But as a whole the play is disappointing—partly no doubt because the pace at which it was taken on Monday was altogether too slow, but not entirely. The character of Geoffrey Cassilis is not convincing. A boy who would follow up a chance acquaintance so effectually, even though he had been sheltered in a comfortable house in the country, would hardly give up the girl with a tear and a few priggish remarks. This was made more apparent by Miss Maudie Darrell, who took the part of Ethel Borridge. Her appearance has the peculiar exotic beauty of a Beardsley drawing: if she appealed to a boy at all, she would appeal with great force. She had none of the frank, easy-going prettiness which a boy would find pleasantly attractive. This is Miss Darrell's first appearance in comedy, and her performance showed undoubted proof that she has the makings of a comedy actress, though it showed also her uneasiness and a lack of power to express what she desired to express.

Mr. Langhorne Burton is not as well known as he should be. He played the part of the boy Geoffrey as well as it could be played. But the part is exceedingly difficult and withal thankless. The Mrs. Cassilis of Miss Evelyn Weeden (another unreal character) was not very good, though she looked the part to perfection: she was too slow, and gave to the character an intenseness which it is far too light to bear. She overplayed the woman's motherly softness, just as Miss Clare Greet overdid Mrs. Borridge's vulgarity. Her playing was loudly applauded and there was certainly much cleverness in it, but it was too heavy for the balance of the play, which from its nature is easily put wrong. Miss Florence Haydon and Mr. Sam Sothern gave the best display of acting in the small but important parts of Lady Remenham and Major Warrington.

H. DE S.

## FINE ART

## THE LATE JAMES CHARLES

As so often happens in the history of art, the gifts of a painter neglected in his lifetime are meeting with increasing recognition now that he is dead. For thirty years or more the work of the late Mr. James Charles has been before the public, first at the Royal Academy and latterly at the exhibitions of the New English Art Club, but though his pictures were from time to time awarded an encouraging epithet or word of praise, the real importance of the man and his work remained unknown, save to a few intimates, till the death of the painter last August. The appreciative notices which then appeared in obituary columns were followed by his representation at Burlington House this winter among the British painters recently deceased, and this public acknowledgment of his worth has been supplemented and emphasised by the opening at the Leicester Galleries this week of an exhibition of his remaining works.

From this collection, which includes a good deal of the earlier as well as the later work of the painter, it is clear that James Charles was limited neither in his choice of subject nor in his method of treatment, and those who know him only by his more recent exhibits at the New English Art Club will be impressed and perhaps a little surprised by the diversity here displayed. But if his sincerity and honesty are equally revealed by his portraits, rustic scenes, marines and landscapes, it is on the latter that the hopes of his enduring fame must be grounded. For Charles was essentially a painter of nature rather than of man, and his attitude toward nature was not one of brooding reverie like that of Mr. Foott, whose landscapes we discussed last week, but a joyous acceptance of her actualities untroubled by metaphysical thought. In the landscapes of Charles there is no yearning interrogation of nature's mysteries, only an expression of intense joy of life, and a sense of deep satisfaction and thankfulness in the mere breathing of pure air and the vision of warm sunlight. The simple-mindedness of this mental attitude is fitly expressed by a direct, straightforward technique, which without elaborating detail seeks to set down swiftly and surely the salient characteristics of a landscape—and especially its colour and atmosphere—by means of separate touches and strokes of pure pigment. This use of broken colour, which gives so much vivacity and spontaneity to the best work of the painter, is most openly revealed in the marine studies painted at Capri, where in order to give full force to the light and colour of the water it is employed on a more extended scale than is the case with the later landscapes.

The many phases through which Charles passed before he attained this freedom of touch and subtle eye for the true hues of sunlight are indicated at the Leicester Galleries by *Moonrise on the Ramparts* (60), where he is seen under the spell of Corot's silvery tones; the Sussex landscape, *A Well-known "Trio" in Lickfold* (69), in richer golden tones more reminiscent of Diaz and Troyon; and by *A Stream by the Roadside—Montreuil* (19), challenging Thaulow in its vivid rendering of running water; while in the very title of his beautiful *Reminiscence of Watteau* at Burlington House the painter gracefully acknowledges his debt to the French seventeenth-century painter. A student and an admirer of French landscape painting from Watteau to Claude Monet, Charles throughout his development practises an art that is national and not derivative. Those landscapes which, like *Early Spring in La Madeleine* (18) at the Leicester Galleries and *The Chalk Pit* at Burlington House, may be considered his most characteristic productions, suggest that the abiding influence on his painting was Constable rather than any French master. If he took hints from the palette of Monet, he adapted that palette in his own way to record his own observations of nature, and as a pioneer of *plein-air* painting in England he opened up a new field which,

largely owing to his influence and example, has been cultivated with a marked success by Mr. Clausen, Mr. Mark Fisher, Mr. Wilson Steer and others.

This influence on his contemporaries, which gives Charles an importance to the historian of modern art apart from the intrinsic merits of his work, is gracefully acknowledged by Mr. George Clausen in the preface he has written for the catalogue of this exhibition:

Some of us [he writes], who have gained wider recognition than was ever his, feel gratefully how much we owe to his influence and example. Perhaps—and I think it likely—the comparative neglect which was his lot, was consequent on his exclusive devotion to his main ideal—of colour and atmosphere; although, as may be seen from his fine and sensitive drawings, he was a beautiful draughtsman . . . His pictures never "made a mark" in exhibitions, and he seemed very careless whether they did or not; but he never varied his course, or allowed anything to divert him from the one aim of perfecting his work, painting, as truly as it was given him to see, the things which he felt to be beautiful . . . He was gifted with a fine sense of colour, and his main effort was always in this direction; the aim was to communicate the emotion received by giving the harmony and envelopment of a scene. Yet his work is not monotonous, the method varies with the mood or the subject; and the thing he most loved to express—the beauty of sunlight—he has painted better, I think, than any other of our time.

## FORTHCOMING BOOKS

MR. FISHER UNWIN will publish on February 18 a book by Professor J. H. Gardiner on "The Bible as English Literature." Its object is to throw light on the literary form of the Bible by bringing together facts from the history of its sources and from the history of the authorised version. The author has drawn freely on the larger results of the great school of learning commonly known as the Higher Criticism.

As a protest against the cumbersome guide-book Mr. Werner Laurie is issuing a series of "Leather Booklets." The first volume, which he will publish immediately, is "The Cathedrals of England," by W. J. Roberts, to which Mr. S. James Brown contributes thirty original illustrations. Volumes on Old English Inns, Abbeys of England, Castles of England, Old London Companies, etc., are in preparation.

A new book on "Work among the Poor of London," by the Rev. Isaac Hartill, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock. It will deal in a practical manner with the relief of the poor both in the West and East ends of London, in workhouse infirmaries and by institutions, a special chapter being devoted to the children of the poor.

Mr. Unwin will publish on February 18 a book by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald entitled "Josephine's Troubles." It is a story of the Franco-German War, and is based on incidents which Mr. Fitzgerald himself witnessed in France during that great struggle. The house at Versailles in which he lodged was the scene of its episodes; from the windows he saw the soldiers going out to or returning from the fight, and the rural crowd firing after them not balls but scowls and maledictions; while within he every day saw and talked with the chief actors.

A valuable addition to the popular series of "Guild Text Books" will be published by Messrs A. and C. Black in a few weeks under the title of "Between the Testaments." It treats of the history and literature of the period between the Old and the New Testament and is from the pen of Dr. C. M. Grant.

"Indian Pictures and Problems" is the title of Mr. Ian Malcolm's new book of travel which will be published shortly by E. Grant Richards. The author's intention is to provide for the average Englishman about to travel in India and Burma a rapid and readable survey of the conditions which he may expect to find. This idea is carried out in a series of travel sketches dealing with various aspects of Indian life. The book contains pen-portraits of the leading Maharajahs as well as essays on such subjects as Famine Administration, the North-West Frontier, and Public School Education. The second part of the book is devoted to Burma, and includes an interesting account of a viceregal tour through that province of Further India during the time that the author was attached to Lord Curzon's staff. The book will be very fully illustrated.

Mr. Arthur Machen has written his first long novel, and it will be published shortly by E. Grant Richards under the title of "The Hill of Dreams." Those experiments in the horrible, "The Great God Pan" and "The Three Impostors," which appear in Mr. Machen's collection of stories, "The House of



*Souls*," will have prepared readers for the character and atmosphere of this book—a study of the temperament of a young literary man whose dreams lead him into strange places and bring him to a strange end.

"The Censorship of Church and its Influence upon the Production and the Distribution of Literature" is the title of a book by Mr. George Haven Putnam, which is announced by the firm of which he is the head. This book is the result of long study and original research. It covers the history of the Prohibitory and Expurgatory Indexes, and also considers the results of state censorship and of censorship by Protestants. The widest influence has been exerted by the Church of Rome, and Mr. Putnam indicates its effects on the undertakings of authors, professors, publishers, and booksellers in each one of the European states in which the regulations of the Index have come into force. The final chapter presents a summary of the conclusions reached by representative Roman Catholics in regard to the modern literary policy of their Church.

The latest author to set forth the attractions of the camera over the rifle is Mr. W. S. Thomas, whose illustrated book, "Hunting Big Game with Gun and Kodak," is on Messrs Putnam's Spring List. Mr. Thomas is an expert shot and his book shows many trophies of the old style of hunting. He appreciates, however, the sport to be got from the camera, finding that it provides more difficulties and dangers, and gives greater rewards than hunting to kill. The author describes his experiences in pursuit of big game chiefly in Canada.

In a forthcoming work on the China and Japan of to-day and to-morrow, entitled "Signs and Portents in the Far East," Mr. Everard Cotes has brought together the sum of his observations of men and things during a prolonged tour in Manchuria and the East. He examines the capabilities of the new Chinese army and the limits imposed by race characteristics upon the situation which has arisen since the Russo-Japanese War, and handles his subjects with a pleasant simplicity and pictorial directness which carry the reader with entertainment over Hapeh iron-foundries and Manchurian battlefields and leave him at the end possessed without effort of the essential features of one of the most important problems of the time. Messrs. Methuen are the publishers.

Miss Mary Dean's novel, "The Other Pawn," will be published by Messrs. Methuen on February 21. The story deals with Bath as it was when it seized upon Mr. Swinburne's imagination. An Indian widow's child plays her wilful game of life watched somewhat mysteriously by a wealthy elderly man of the world who lives in the house once occupied by Beckford, and the shade of that gifted and eccentric millionaire is not without its part in the story. The same publishers have in the press Mrs. M. E. Mann's new novel "The Memories of Ronald Love."

Messrs. Methuen announce for publication on February 21 a book entitled "The Brasses of England," by the Rev. Herbert W. Macklin, M.A., President of the Monumental Brass Society. He treats of Brasses from the historic as well as the technical point of view. His twelve chapters trace the rise and decline of the art of brass-engraving from the reign of Edward I. to the Caroline Decadence. Architectural Ornament and Foreign Workmanship occupy separate chapters, and another is devoted to the Mediæval Clergy of England, with appendices on the Religious Orders and the Universities. Numerous lists of examples are a prominent feature of the book, and every period is illustrated from tracings, rubbings, and photographs.

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co. announce for early publication a new story by S. R. Crockett entitled "Little Esson." It is, they tell us, "a story of the sorrows and smiles of which domestic comedy is made up in this modern life of ours. It is touched with the sentiment and half-whimsical humour which have characterised some of Mr. Crockett's best work."

## CORRESPONDENCE

### A SUGGESTION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In the first paragraph on p. 28 of your issue for January 12 "slaughter" and "laughter" are mentioned. I believe that the old *lawter* pronunciation of "laughter" solves the riddle of a misprint in *Julius Caesar*, I. ii. 72—"Were I a common laughter,"—which has caused some discussion.

Under "laughter," New English Dictionary gives the variant "lawter." The compositor, who set up the passage (presumably from dictation) supposed he heard the word

"lawter," and accordingly set up "laughter." Cassius is trying to prove his sincerity in praising Brutus; as Wright says, "he appeals here to what Brutus knows of his habits of speech"—he is not a common praiser. I believe that for "laughter" (lawter) we should read *lauder*.

St. Louis.

EDWARD MERTON DEY.

### SIR WALTER RALEGH

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—May I be permitted to make a comment on one sentence in your critic's review of my play, *Sir Walter Raleigh*, viz., "he has been too much fettered by attention to historical accuracy in detail."

My play condenses the events of two years into five acts, but that is not the special feature to which I wish to draw attention. For your critic has said that I have not condensed my theme.

What I observed on study of the period, and what I think must strike any student, is the natural progression of historical events in the order of dramatic development.

There is firstly in the spring of 1617 the statement of the main events of the problem, viz., the Spanish marriage and its enveloping atmosphere of anti-English diplomacy; the final release of Raleigh; James's reluctance and final consent to his departure.

Follows the *complication* of the plot, viz., the disaffection of his crews, his shortage of provisions and the recorded attempts of Gondomar to hinder his sailing. These events, I submit, naturally culminate in the effecting of that sailing, which is my play to the end of Act II.

Act III. shows the action at a momentary pause, because the crisis was at hand. But I think it is historically undoubted that the failure of the expedition and Raleigh's decision to return—after much heartburning—really was the turning-point of the drama of his latter years. In Act IV. it seems to me that history again shows the resolution of the elements of the tragedy into comparatively simple elements, viz., the faithfulness of Lady Raleigh and Arundel, the increasing pressure of Spain and the vacillation of James. "Which will win?" is the question asked—the answer points all one way.

The trial and execution naturally close the tragedy.

I submit that in this peculiar instance life did "happen as the exigencies of dramatic art require."

Whether my interpretation of life is or is not open to the severe castigation which your critic has administered, is another question.

H. A. A. CRUSO.

February 11.

### "THE SPHINX"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Among the numerous notices of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's production of *Antony and Cleopatra* no reference has been made, so far as I am aware, to Oscar Wilde's poem, "The Sphinx," though that mythical and mystical beast figures—too prominently, some critics hold—in the play as staged at His Majesty's. The poem, it may be remembered, was known in manuscript form to a limited circle for some time before its publication in 1894, the reason assigned by the author for the delay in its appearance being that "it would destroy domesticity in England." Certainly nothing more insolently esoteric, more likely to arouse the wrath of the Philistine had it met his view, issued even from the Bodley Head than this *chef d'œuvre* of Mr. Ricketts's art, which was limited to twenty-five copies, and dedicated to Marcel Schwob.

The metre of this weird poem, whose haunting cadences it is well-nigh impossible to forget, is that of "In Memoriam," though this fact is to some extent disguised by the stanzas being arranged in two long lines, in place of the four short ones of Tennyson.

The poet sitting in his study at dead of night, like Poe in "The Raven," questions a sphinx, which, "with eyes of satin rimmed with gold," "lies couching on the Chinese mat," on the "far-off things" of long ago that it has witnessed:

"O tell me were you standing by when Isis to Osiris knelt,  
And did you watch the Egyptian melt her union for Antony  
And drink the jewel-drunken wine and bend her head in mimic  
awe

To see the huge proconsul draw the salted tunny from the  
brine?

And did you mark the Cyprian kiss white Adon on his catalque?  
 And did you follow Amenalk, the god of Heliopolis?  
 And did you talk with Thoth, and did you hear the moon-horned Io weep?  
 And know the painted kings who sleep beneath the wedge-shaped pyramid?"

At length, grown "weary of himself and sick of asking," he bids the "loathsome mystery" begone:

"Why are you tarrying? Get hence, I weary of your sullen ways,  
 I weary of your steadfast gaze, your somnolent magnificence.

False Sphinx! False Sphinx! by reedy Styx old Charon,  
 leaning on his oar,  
 Waits for my coin: go thou before, and leave me to my Crucifix,  
 Whose pallid burden, sick with pain, watches the world with wearied eyes,  
 And weeps for every soul that dies, and weeps for every soul in vain."

I presume that "the Sphinx" will be reprinted in the forthcoming complete edition of Wilde's works which Messrs. Methuen promise; but though the poem may thus become more widely known, it will ever remain "caviare to the general."

H. L. N.

### THE SPLIT INFINITIVE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I am at one with Professor Tyrrell in condemning and eschewing the split infinitive. At the same time it must, I think, be admitted that the force of a sentence is often weakened by its avoidance. Take, for example, the sentence at the close of the third chapter of Mr. H. G. Wells's "The Future in America": "and indeed, the large quiet of Beacon Street, in the early morning sunshine, seemed to more than justify that expectation." The strengthening of the verb could not be displaced without damage to the effect intended to be produced.

I have just been reading Mr. Thomas Hardy's early novels over again and find him a very dreadful offender in the unnecessary use of this ugly locution.

G. S. LAYARD.

### ATTIC USAGE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—A writer in the ACADEMY for February 2, p. 120, col. 2, in discussing "Attic" phrases, makes assumptions that surely should not pass unchallenged. He tells us that the occurrence of the use of *like* as a conjunction is regular in the conversation of most men and women, and, further, that these (his punctuation admits of no other rendering) employ the literary dialect. Next we have the implication that because on a solitary occasion a given author has split an infinitive, the correctness of his denunciation of the employment of *like* as a conjunction—as is open to question.

Now the evidence of a late discussion in the columns of the ACADEMY and of the language employed by most persons accustomed to consider the construction of English sentences seems to be quite the other way. Mr. C. T. Onions, in his invaluable little book, "An Advanced English Syntax," p. 66, remarks, indeed, that "the use of *like* as a conjunction = *as*, e.g., '*like I do*' . . . is frequent as a loose colloquialism, but is avoided by careful speakers and writers." Were *like* capable of appropriate use in place of *as*, the saying of a ship, "She walks the water like a thing of life," might not unreasonably be interpreted as referring to a known property in common of ships and living things—that they walk the water. Again, if *like* may serve as a conjunction, we are at liberty to conclude from the aphorism that "March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb," that its originator had observed something specially characteristic in the ingress of lions and in the mode of departure of lambs. The actual meaning might, however, be otherwise adequately expressed by the statement that "March, when it comes in, is lion-like, when it departs, lamb-like." In such sentences *like* merely qualifies the object with which comparison is made, but not specifically its actions.

Even were it perfectly patent that all the members of a multitude had acquired a certain trick of speech, the adoption of the same might be quite indefensible. Rather one might

have to say, with Coriolanus: "The tongues o' the common mouth. I do despise them, For they do prank them in authority, Against all noble sufferance."

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

February 12.

### A RECORD OF SPANISH PAINTING

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I shall take no further part in the quite unexpected controversy which Mr. and Mrs. Gallichan (instead of frankly withdrawing the inaccuracies which had been published under my name, and as an expression of my judgment, in which the authoress of "A Record" expresses her confidence) have imposed upon me. But, if Mrs. Gallichan's memory does not extend to our first meeting, in May 1902, at Avila, and at Zamora the next day, when I gave her the notes about the Cathedral of Teruel, and was told that they would be utilised in a book which she projected, I think her husband will at least not deny that, when we met in London, in July 1903, I was told distinctly that she was about to publish a book, and meant to put into it my information about that church. I am certain that I then and there asked for the opportunity of correcting a proof of that item in her book, and that I was promised a proof. I do not recollect having received the letter to which she now refers, or any notice, addressed to myself, of the publication of the volume. I believe, however, that I saw a mention of it in a newspaper. I hope that Mr. and Mrs. Gallichan will go to see the architectural wonders of Albarracin (depicted so often by the Irish artist, Mr. Gibson, of Madrid) and Teruel, and enjoy some fishing in "the white river," *Turia* (Old Baskish for *Zuria* = the white), which runs down from the former, and gives its name to the latter, city.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

February 8.

[This correspondence must now close.—ED.]

### FREDERIC SHIELDS EXHIBITION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The Art Gallery Committee of the Corporation propose to hold an exhibition of this artist's collected works in the City Art Gallery during the coming months of March and April, and I shall be obliged if owners of such works, who are willing to lend the same for this exhibition, will communicate with me.

The exhibition will not be a profit-bearing one, and the committee are anxious to make it as complete and as widely known as possible.

WILLIAM STANFIELD (Curator).

February 12.

### BOOKS RECEIVED

#### ART

Raymond, George Lansing. *The Essentials of Aesthetics* in Music, Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. 8 x 5½. Pp. 404. Murray, 10s. 6d. net.

#### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

Elliot, the Rev. W. Hume. *The Story of the "Cheeryble" Grants*. From the Spey to the Irwell. 7½ x 5. Pp. 247. Sherratt & Hughes, 4s. net.

Macfall, Haldane. *Ibsen: the Man, his Art and his Significance*. Illustrated by Joseph Simpson. 7 x 5½. Pp. 327. E. Grant Richards, 5s. net.

#### CLASSICS

Campbell, Lewis. *Paralipomena Sophoclea*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 287. Rivingtons, 6s. net.  
 [Supplementary notes on the text and interpretation of Sophocles]

#### ECONOMICS

Chorlton, J. D. *The Rating of Land Values*. 9½ x 6. Pp. 177. Manchester: University Press, 3s. 6d. net.  
 [Vol. v. of the "Economic Series."]

#### FICTION

Birmingham, George A. *Benedict Cavanagh*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 334. Arnold, 6s.  
 Bagot, Richard. *Temptation*. 7½ x 5½. Pp. 374. Methuen, 6s.



- Mann, Mary E. *The Memories of Ronald Love*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 312. Methuen, 6s.
- Gates, Eleanor. *The Plow-Woman*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 364. Methuen, 6s.
- Hueffer, Ford Madox. *Privy Seal: his Last Venture*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 324. Alston Rivers, 6s.
- Crocker, B. M. *The Spanish Necklace*. With 8 illustrations by F. Pegram. Chatto & Windus, 2s. 6d. net.
- Tynan, Katharine. *For Maisie*. A Love Story. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 312. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
- Blyth, James. *A Hazardous Wooing*. Illustrated. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 319. Ward, Lock, 6s.
- Reynolds, Mrs. Fred. *The House of Rest*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 325. Hurst & Blackett, 6s.
- Farrer, Reginald. *The Sundered Streams*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 399. Arnold, 6s.
- ["The history of a memory that had no full stops."]
- Flowerdew, Herbert. *Maynard's Wives*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 416. Nash, 6s.
- ["The story of a man with a conscience."]
- Old Hampshire Vignettes*. By the Author of "Mademoiselle Ixe." 7½ × 4½. Pp. 116. Macmillan, 2s. 6d. net.

## LITERATURE

- Farrer, J. A. *Literary Forgeries*. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 282. Longmans, 6s. 6d. net.
- Smith, Francis A. *The Critics versus Shakespeare*. A Brief for the Defendant. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 128. New York: The Knickerbocker Press, n.p.

## MISCELLANEOUS

- Picton, J. Allanson. *Spinoza: a Handbook to the Ethics*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 264. Constable, 5s. net.
- "Civis." *The State of the Navy in 1907: a Plea for Inquiry*. With an Introduction by J. St. Loe Strachey. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 173. Smith, Elder, 2s. 6d.
- [Letters originally published in the *Spectator*.]
- Thomson, William Hanna. *Brain and Personality; or the Physical Relations of the Brain to the Mind*. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 320. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
- Godlee, Rickman John. *The Past, Present and Future of the School for Advanced Medical Studies of University College, London*. 10 × 6½. Pp. 46. Bale, 2s, 6d. net.
- ["Being the introductory address at the opening of the Winter Sessions 1906."]
- Fox-Davies, A. C. *The House of Lords as a Part of the British Constitution*. A Political Tract. 7½ × 5. Pp. 71. Lane, 1s. net.
- Donaldson, James. *Woman; her Position and Influence in Ancient Greece and Rome, and among the early Christians*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 178. Longmans, 5s. net.
- [Partly reprinted from the *Contemporary Review*.]
- Laughlin, J. Laurence. *Industrial America*. With maps and diagrams. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 261. Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.
- [Lectures delivered in the spring of 1906 before the Vereinigung für Staatswissenschaftliche Fortbildung, in Berlin.]
- Pierce, Franklin. *The Tariff and the Trusts*. 8 × 5½. Pp. 387. Macmillan, 6s. 6d. net.
- Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench, 1907*. Illustrated with 500 Armorial Engravings. Revised by Members of Parliament, and by Judges of the United Kingdom and the Colonies, etc. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 468. Dean, 7s. 6d. net.
- [Forty-first annual issue.]
- The Proofs of Life after Death*. Compiled and edited by Robert J. Thompson. 8½ × 5½. Pp. 365. Werner Laurie, 7s. 6d. net.
- ["A collection of opinions as to a future life by some of the world's most eminent scientific men and thinkers."]

## PHILOSOPHY

- Schiller, F. C. S. *Studies in Humanism*. 9 × 5½. Pp. 492. Macmillan, 10s. net.
- [About half these studies have appeared at different times in the *Quarterly Review* and other periodicals.]

## POETRY

- Lingston, Rowe. *The Coming of Spring, and other poems*. 6½ × 5. Pp. 92. Long, 3s. 6d. net.

## REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS

- Thomas Stanley: his Original Lyrics*, complete, in their collated readings of 1647, 1651, 1657. Edited by L. T. Guiney. 7½ × 5½. Pp. 110. Hull: Tutin, 2s. 6d. net.
- [With an introduction, textual notes, a list of editions, an appendix of translations and a portrait. The first complete reprint of Stanley. The text is new in that it represents the editor's choice of readings among many variants.]
- Selected Essays of Addison*. With an introduction by Austin Dobson, and a portrait of Addison. 6 × 4. Pp. 102. *The Poems of Emily Brontë*. With an introduction by Arthur Symonds. 6 × 4. Pp. 70. Heinemann, 6d. net. each.
- [In the "Favourite Classics."]
- Innes-Browne, Mrs. *Honour without Renown*. With a frontispiece by L. D. Symington. 7½ × 5. Pp. 368. Burns & Oates, 3s. 6d.
- Cook's Handbook for Palestine and Syria*. New edition, thoroughly revised by the Rev. J. E. Hanauer and Dr. E. G. Masterman. 6½ × 4½. Pp. 417. Cook, 7s. 6d. net.
- Grote, George. *A History of Greece*. Part i: Legendary Greece; Part ii: Grecian History to the Reign of Peisistratus at Athens. 12 vols. Finlay, George. *Greece under the Romans*. Dennis, George. *The Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*. 2 vols. Lockhart, J. G. *The Life of Robert Burns*. Coleridge, Samuel Taylor. *Essays and Lectures on Shakespeare and some other old Poets and Dramatists*. Balzac, Honoré de. *Old Goriot*. Dickens, Charles. *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Each 7 × 4½. Dent, 1s. net per vol.
- [Additions to "Everyman's Library."]

## THEOLOGY

- Dale, R. W. *History of English Congregationalism*. Completed and edited by A. W. W. Dale. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 787. Hodder & Stoughton, 12s. net.
- Mayor, Joseph B. *The Epistle of St. Jude and the Second Epistle of St. Peter*. 9 × 6. Pp. 239. Macmillan, 14s. net.
- [Greek text, with introduction, notes and comments.]
- The Expositor*. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll. Seventh series. Vol. ii. 9 × 6. Pp. 572. Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d. net.

## TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL

- De Windt, Harry. *Through Savage Europe*. With 100 illustrations. 9 × 6. Pp. 300. Unwin, 10s. 6d. net.
- ["Being the narrative of a journey (undertaken as special correspondent of the *Westminster Gazette*) throughout the Balkan States and European Russia." The portrait of the author, which faces the title-page, does not add value or interest to the narrative.]
- Switzerland: the Country and its People*. Written by Clarence Rook; painted by Effie Jardine. 9½ × 6½. Pp. 270. Chatto & Windus, 20s. net.

## THE BOOKSHELF

*Plymouth in History*. By Roger Barnicott. (The Cornubian Press, 1s.)—This is a scholarly work, worthy of its subject. In every age, the Devon mariners have been valiant in arms, intrepid in exploration, and true rulers of the deep; while, as the author says, throughout the story of our Island Home, the Civic Governors of Plymouth have ever espoused the cause of freedom and progress. Mr. Barnicott writes as a staunch son of Plymouth, and if he has not anything particularly new to add to our information about the "Three Towns," at least he has put together in an entertaining form what he has to tell. From prehistoric times up to the thirteenth century, Plymouth was in the making, and onwards from that time, when it obtained its Charter of Incorporation, it sent representatives to Parliament and supplied ships to the King's Fleet until the accession of William and Mary, which the author has chosen as a period for determining his history. He carries on his narrative with apt allusion, well-chosen poetry, and telling anecdotes, graphically descriptive of the development of the great commercial centre of the West country. Like all the publications of the Cornubian Press "*Plymouth in History*", although merely a paper-covered pamphlet, is attractively turned out.

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